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**MAZAGINE** OCTOBER 1980 No. 172

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**PLACE: Washington Park**

# CRACKED

THE  
WORLD'S  
HUMOREST  
FUNNY  
MAGAZINE

OCTOBER 1980

No. 172



WHAT'S UP FRONT  
OUR COVER

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**FOR YOUR VALUABLE FREE IRON ON! SEE INSIDE BACK COVER**

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When CRACKED decided to do a  
TAKE OFF on the Dukes of Hazard  
vs. Chips, looks like somebody got  
the wrong idea!



IMPORTANT  
MESSAGE  
**SEE BACK  
OF T-SHIRT**

IMPORTANT  
MESSAGE  
**SEE FRONT  
OF T-SHIRT**





# LETTUCE from our Readers



ADDRESS ALL LETTERS TO CRACKED LETTUCE, 235 PARK AVENUE SOUTH, N.Y., N.Y. 10003

Dear CRACKED,

Well, all right!! Thanks for bringing back the Talking Blob in KING ARTHUR AND THE KNIGHTS OF THE RESERVED TABLE. I'd love to meet him some day.

Gloria Tortalini  
Heightstown, N.J.

Dear Gloria,

And we're sure he'd love to meet you too. He loves Italians—especially with tomato sauce and parmesan cheese!

Dear CRACKED,

By mistake last month, I sent the check for my electric bill to you and a funny letter I had written for CRACKED to my electric company. Do you recall the incident?

Ester Shattuck  
Madison, Wisconsin

Dear Ester,

Yup. And we're sure your electric company had a great time reading the funny letter you intended for us. We know WE had a great time spending the money intended for them!

Dear CRACKED,

IDIOTIC IDIOMS really lived up to its name.

Larry Twain  
Little Rock, Ark.

Dear Larry,

Thanks. And as long as we're talking about names, say hello to your sister Frank for us.

Dear CRACKED,

How come IF ARNOLD WERE A REAL LIFE KID was so short?

Bill Paseka  
Kansas City, Mo.

Dear Bill,

If you think we're gonna answer, "because of his lack of height," forget it!

Dear CRACKED,

You forgot one important COMPANY MERGER OF THE FUTURE in CRACKED #171. Know what you'd get if you combine GM with the Hanes Stocking people?

Janet Perchak  
Havana, Ill.

Dear Janet,  
Cars that run?

Dear CRACKED,

CRACKED INTERVIEWS THE INFLATION BEATING KING was one of your best interviews in a long time which leads me to ask if CRACKED is doing any cutting back of its own during this mild recession?

David Gray  
Cleveland, Oh.

Dear David,

No. We're still cramming the same high number of laughs into every issue.

Dear CRACKED,

How come you do so few satires of NBC shows?

Thomas T. Buehner  
New Haven, Conn.

Dear Thomas,

They never seem to stay on the air long enough for us to pick on.



Dear CRACKED,

I think I lived up to the "I'M A PERFECT 10—WHAT'S YOUR I.Q." iron-on. After following the instructions carefully, I discovered I had put the thing on upside down.

Heather Leite  
Omaha, Neb.

Dear Heather,

So? Whenever you wear the shirt, just walk around on your hands and no one will ever notice.



Dear CRACKED,

I guess I must be more out of shape than I thought. By the third page of THE CRACKED BOOK OF RUNNING, I was completely out of breath.

Joshua Latham  
Falls Church, Va.

Dear Joshua,

Why didn't you just consult THE MEDICINE MAN in the same issue. He would have fixed you up.







Dear CRACKED,

I was in New York recently and was surprised not to see any original Severin drawings in the Museum of Modern Art.

George Tanket  
Chicago, Ill.

Dear George,

Did you check the graffiti in the rest room?

Dear CRACKED,

Besides putting out a funny magazine, NEW DETECTORS OF THE FUTURE proves that you could also make a bundle designing and selling detectors as well. For an "Uninvited Guests Detector" I'd send you a fortune!

Cathy Davis  
Uxbridge, Ont.

Dear Cathy,

Our latest "Fortune Finder Detector" has disclosed that you don't even have a fortune to send. What are you trying to pull here?!



Dear CRACKED,

Yesterday, I was invited to a birthday party and by the 3rd hour things were starting to get pretty dull. Well, I had a couple of copies of CRACKED in the car with me, so I went out and got them. Need I tell you what happened to the party then?

Jonathan Zavara  
Gettysburg, Pa.

Dear Jonathan,

Nope. Everybody probably grabbed for the pages of your CRACKED'S, wrapped up the leftover food in it and went home.

Dear CRACKED,

Can you guys figure out this joke? What did the man say after he wolfed down his six cylinder engine for dinner?

Warren Kellogg  
Richmond, Va.

Dear Warren,

I could have had a V-8!



Dear CRACKED,

For a mother, what's the best gift a 10-year-old can get?

Bobby Mengel  
Louisville, Ky.

Dear Bob,

How about lost?

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**NEXT ISSUE—CRACKED #173  
ON SALE AT YOUR  
FAVORITE NEWSSTAND  
AUGUST 12th**





It was a typical morning in *Hazzardous County*. The birds were chirpin', the moonshine was brewin' and Boo and Cuke Dork was bein' chased by the local police. Well, after about twenty minutes of this, the boys decided to drop out for a spell and pull into one of their favorite spots, "The Tuckered Possum" to get somethin' to eat.



That was some **mean swerve** you made on that last **curve**, Boo.

I know. Good thing this here's a **drive-in restaurant**.



Table for two, sir?

Drive this way, please.

Right.



Here ya go, sugar.

You sure this is what we ordered—a **California Burger**?

Double yup, honey. That's a **regular burger** with ketchup wrapped in a **bathing suit** 'stead of a **bun**.



Cuke, I'm no **food Dinosaur**...

You mean **connoisseur**.

...but somehow I **don't think** this is how they make a **California Burger** in Los Angeles.

Well, look. We ain't got nothin' better to do today. Why don't we just **drive** on over thar and **check it out** for ourselves. It's only **2600 miles**.

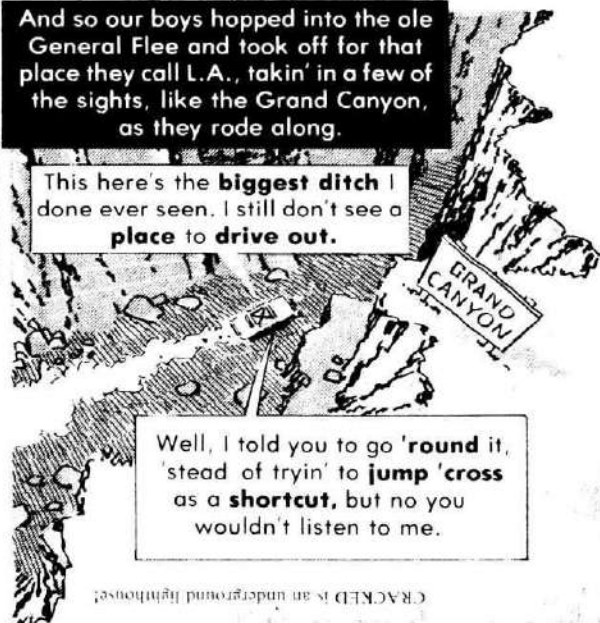
Good idea.



And so our boys hopped into the ole General Flee and took off for that place they call L.A., takin' in a few of the sights, like the Grand Canyon, as they rode along.

This here's the **biggest ditch** I done ever seen. I still don't see a **place to drive out**.

Well, I told you to go 'round it, 'stead of tryin' to **jump 'cross** as a **shortcut**, but no you wouldn't listen to me.



CRACKED is an underground lighthouse!



But despite Boo's misjudgment in jumpin' the great ditch, they were soon in L.A., the **cousins** first **look-see** ever at a big city.

Wow! Look at that Cuke! Them are the **biggest outhouses** I ever seen.

And lookee over there.

A **drive-in** bank and a **drive-in** laundramat. A **drive-in** disco. A **drive-in** Orthodontist! This looks like our type of city, cousin.

And over there's a **drive-in** food place featurin' **real California** Burgers. Let's go.

Here's your **two burgers**.

See, I told ya they don't make 'em with **bathin' suits**!

Was there anything **else** on that order?

Yeah. You forgot our **side order of chips**.

Right.

What the...

Now **calm down**. You guys didn't do anything **wrong**. The only reason we made our **entrance** this way, was so we could come up with a **catchy title** for this next **CRACKED** satire, like

# THE DORKS OF HAZZARDOUS WITH CHIPPS TO GO



Actually, we saw you coming into town and wanted to **check** you **out**.

You guys **check out every** car that pulls into L.A.?

Only the ones being **driven** by guys who **Punch** feels are as **cute** as **him** and might **muscle** in on his **women**.

Which girls in L.A. you **goin'** out with at the moment?

All of 'em.

Who are you **guys** anyway?

We're **Dorks**.

Yeah, I could **tell that**, but **what's** your **names**?

I'm **Boo Dork** from **Hazzardous County** and this is my cousin **Cuke**.

Boo, look how **straight** **Punch** and **Yawn** stand.

That's cause they ain't **crooked** like the **cops** in **Hazzardous**.

Attention **Unit 53**. **Wire Hanger Boutique robbery** in progress on **Ventura Freeway**. Get over there at once.

Hey, nice to have met you, but we gotta split.

Well here good buddy. You guys can split this check.

Punch we ain't goin' anywhere.

A flat! Great!

Hey, look. We could give you a **ride** over there.

That's highly **irregular**. Besides, you guys know **nothing** about the law.

Like heck! Back in **Hazzardous** we get **chased** by it every day.

You know, I bet they could help, and besides...

If we leave 'em here **alone**, that **blond Dork's** liable to **steal** the **chick** I was **plannin'** to go out with between **10** and **10:15** tonight.

(CRACKED is a frightened tire that is filled with tread)

The **Ventura Freeway** is right up over there.

Whoooh!! Look at the **size** of this **road**, Cuke. It's even bigger than **Turkey Buzzard Boulevard** back in **Hazzardous**.

How **big's** that?

They went all out and just **widened it to one lane**.

Heavy stuff.

There's the **Wire Hanger Boutique**.

Think we're too **late**?

What do you think that **guy** is doing **chasing** that **girl**?

Heck, back in **Hazzardous** we call that **courtin'** and **sparkin'**.

You can pull in over there... right over... Pull in... Stop!... Stop!

THUMP!

I got 'im Boo.

SKREEE!

That **arrest** was a bit **unconventional** for **L.A.** We usually **get out of the car** and **walk up** to our suspects when **nabbing** them.

Walk? What's that?

How can I ever **thank** you?

You can thank **him** by **goin' out** with me.

**You!!** Heck, I'm **cuter**. I got **blond hair**.

So, I've got a **bigger smile**.

I **noticed** that. You're the only one I know who **shows off** all **32** of his **teeth** even when he **cries**.

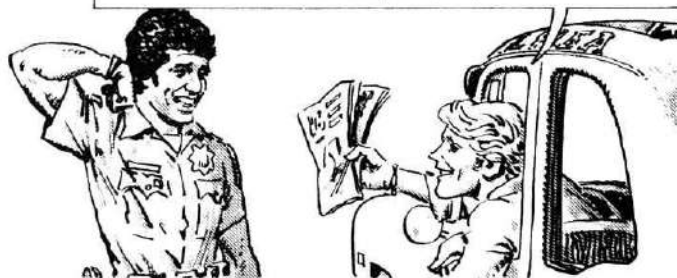


And I've got **muscles** too.

So, I was on the **covers** of both **Tiger Beat** and **16** last month.

And I was **right there** besides you and also made the **covers** of the **Star** and **Inquirer** to boot.

That was only because you had that **motorcycle accident**. Who wants to go out with a **broken** celebrity anyway.



Do you **Darlene**, honey?... Hey! Where'd she go?

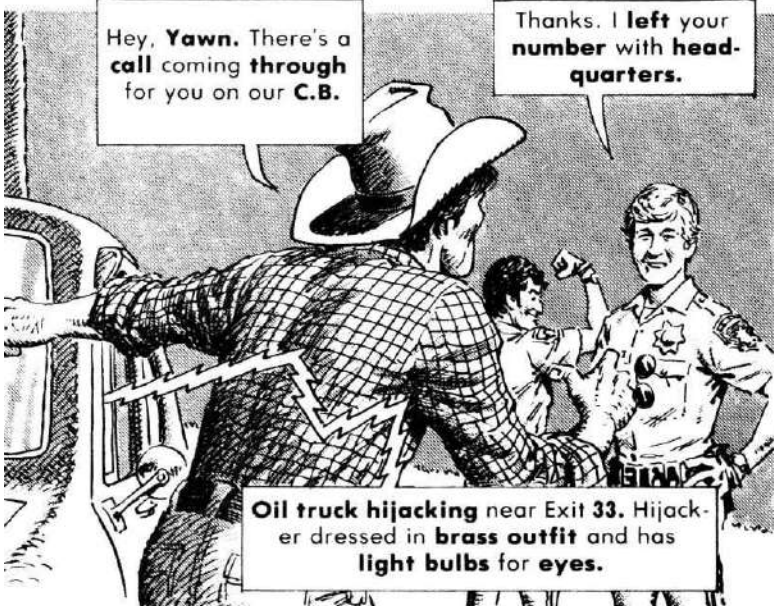
She couldn't take your **arguing** and decided instead to **drop charges** and **date** the **guy** who robbed her.



Well, at least she knows he'll have enough **money** to **pay** for **dinner**.

Hey, **Yawn**. There's a **call** coming **through** for you on our **C.B.**

Thanks. I **left** your **number** with **head-quarters**.



**Oil truck hijacking** near Exit 33. Hijacker dressed in **brass outfit** and has **light bulbs** for **eyes**.

That's the same **M.O.** as those **other** oil hijackings.

What's **M.O.**?

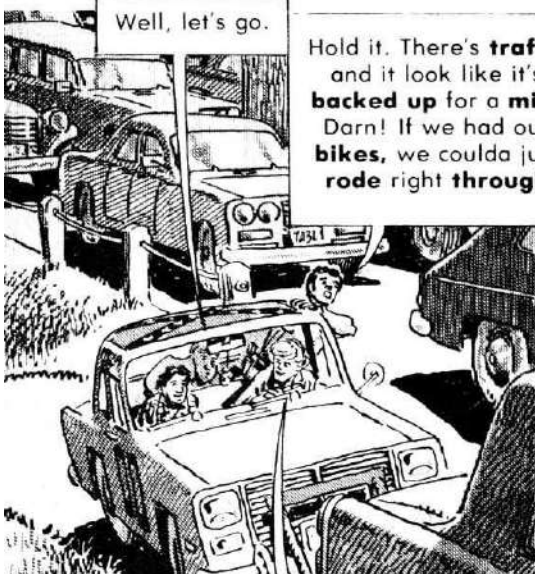
Don't be such a **hick**, Cuke. That's the **stuff** Uncle **Jester** gives us to **clean** out our **inside plumbin'** after we've had **too much** to eat.



Oh, right.

Well, let's go.

Hold it. There's **traffic** and it look like it's **backed up** for a **mile**. Darn! If we had our **bikes**, we coulda just rode right **through**.



So? We'll just **clear** a **path** like we do back in **Hazardous**. **Cuke**, you're on.



Hey, wait! You **can't** do **that**.

Sure I can. You just **load** the **arrow** and **pull** back on the **bow**.



We'll **talk** about that **weapon** later. Right now, **there's** the **oil truck**. Don't let 'em get away.

Time to do some of your **fancy driving**, Boo.

You're a regular **pro** at this.

Back home this is how we **help ourselves** to **Bossy Blob's** illegal **moonshine** that he has **shipped** out of the **state**.

All we gotta do now is **lower** ourselves into the **cab**.

What the...

It's that little **brass guy** from the **movies**.

You have the right to remain silent and to...

Now come on. **Apprehend** them.

Watch it Cuke. That's **my leg** you're **twistin'**.

What the heck you **readin'** to him for, Punch. We wanna **arrest** him — not **entertain** him.

Sorry Yawn.

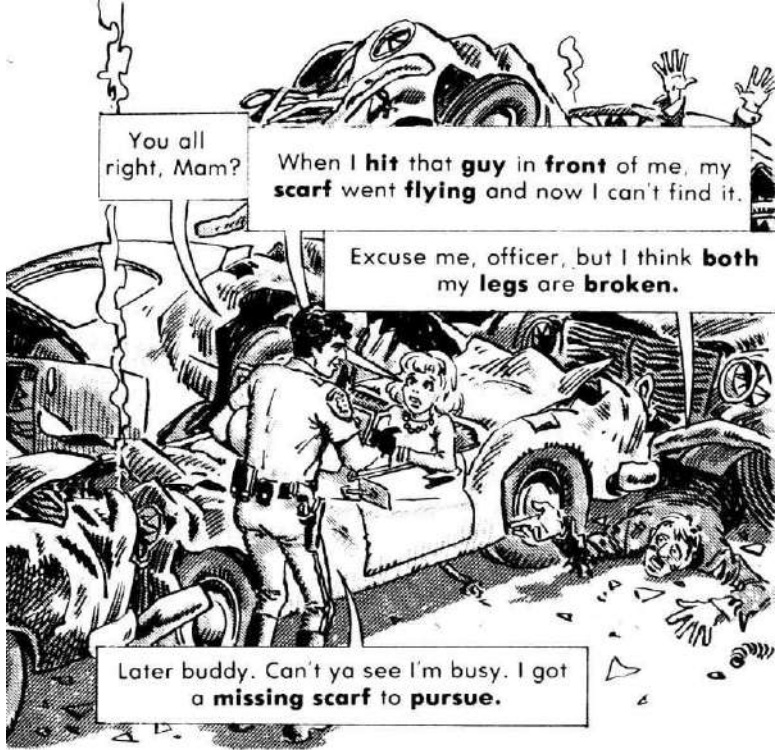
Well, we **did** it.

You certainly did.

This never happened during our **pursuits** in **Hazzardous**, but then we're usually the **only car** on the **road**.

I'd better **attend** to the **injured**.



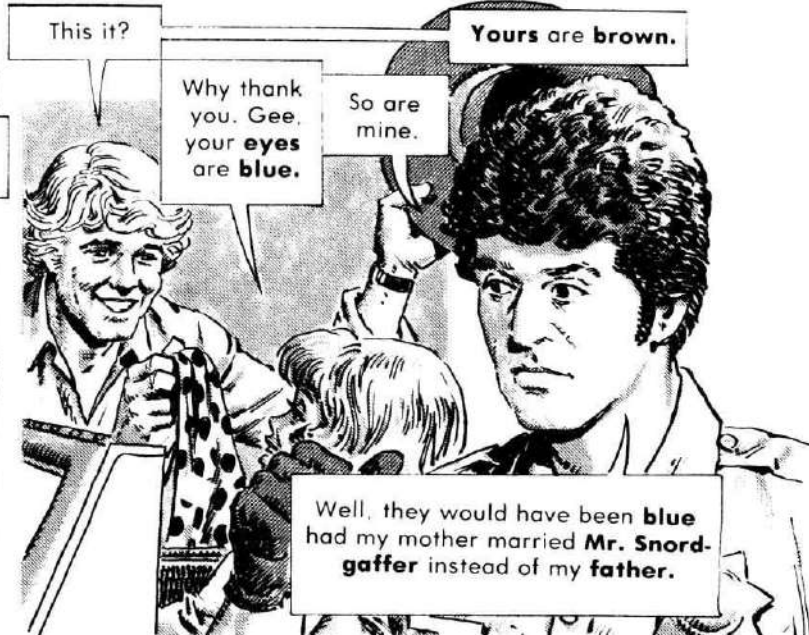


You all right, Mam?

When I **hit** that **guy** in **front** of me, my **scarf** went **flying** and now I can't find it.

Excuse me, officer, but I think **both** my **legs** are **broken**.

Later buddy. Can't ya see I'm busy. I got a **missing scarf** to **pursue**.



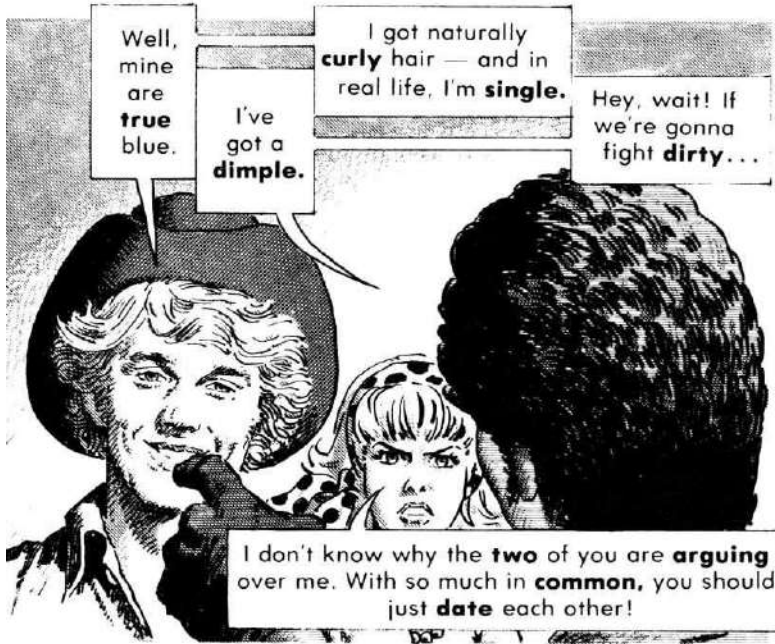
This it?

**Yours are brown.**

Why thank you. Gee, your **eyes** are **blue**.

So are mine.

Well, they would have been **blue** had my mother married **Mr. Snord-gaffer** instead of my **father**.



Well, mine are **true blue**.

I've got a **dimple**.

I got naturally **curly** hair — and in real life, I'm **single**.

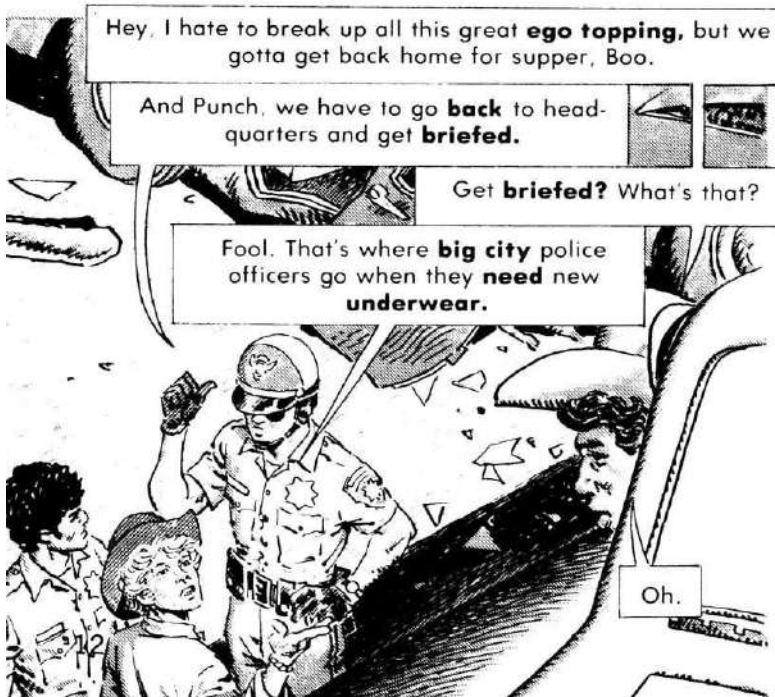
Hey, wait! If we're gonna fight **dirty**...

I don't know why the **two** of you are **arguing** over me. With so much in **common**, you should just **date** each other!



Look, we gotta work somethin' out. Since you arrived, I haven't gotten to **first base** with one **girl**.

You wanna play **ball** with them? And you call **me** a **hick**!



Hey, I hate to break up all this great **ego topping**, but we gotta get back home for supper, **Boo**.

And **Punch**, we have to go **back** to head-quarters and get **briefed**.

Get **briefed**? What's that?

Fool. That's where **big city** police officers go when they **need** new **underwear**.

Oh.



Anyway, that's all for now. Maybe we'll **drop by** and see you all **again** sometime — if **Punch** can work out his **ego** problems.

Yeah, see ya round.

Now, there goes a **pair** of **real nice** guys.

I'm **nicer**.

**Punch!**

**Sorry.**

**TH'END**

ABSOLUTELY, UNQUESTIONABLY, POSITIVELY,  
UNDENIABLY, THE VERY, VERY, LAST OF

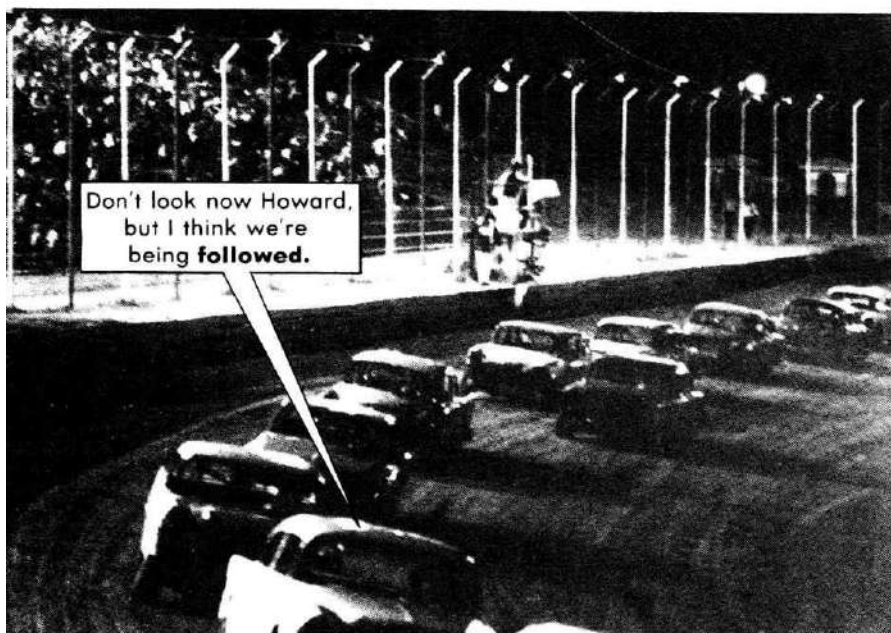
# THE CRACKED LENS



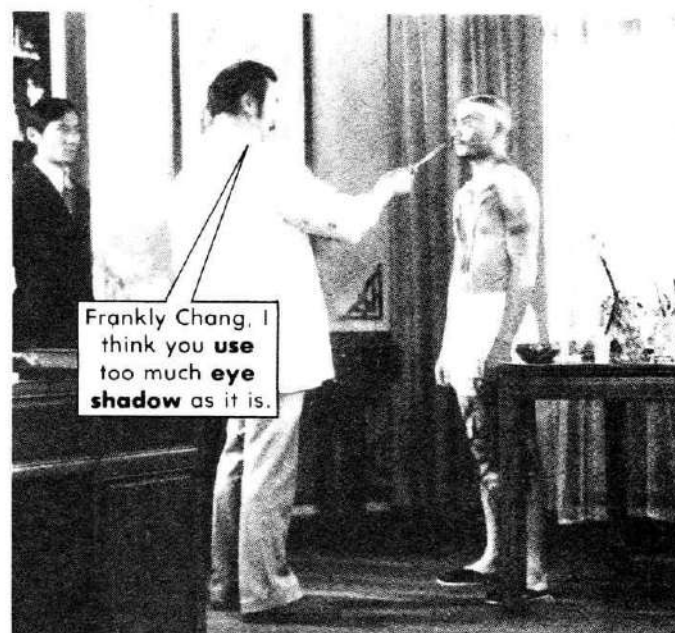




Please! Stop!  
I **don't** wanna  
play **tag** no  
more!



Don't look now Howard,  
but I think we're  
being **followed**.



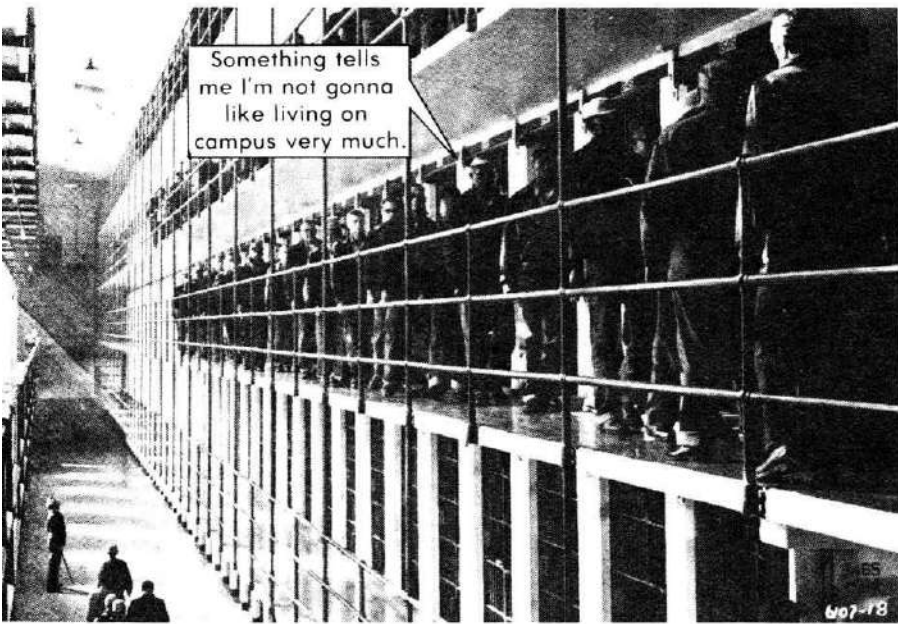
Frankly Chang, I  
think you **use**  
too much **eye**  
**shadow** as it is.




What's wrong?  
You said  
"**cut the deck**",  
didn't you?




What do we  
do if the  
bathroom's  
**closed**?




Something tells me I'm not gonna like living on campus very much.



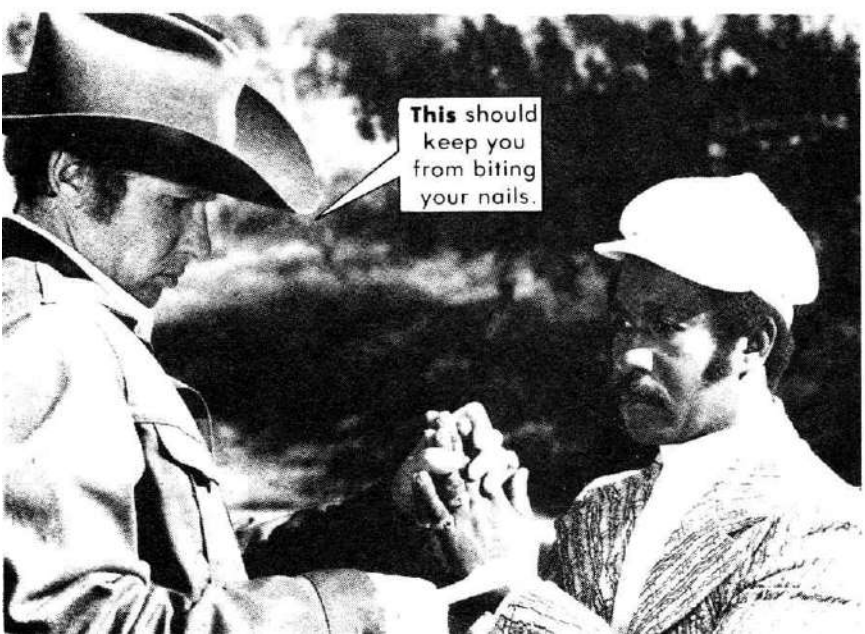
I'll sure be glad when we get the **washer** and **dryer** fixed.




Just because you bite your **own** nails, doesn't mean you can bite **mine**!



All right! You win! You'll **get** your knot tying merit badge!

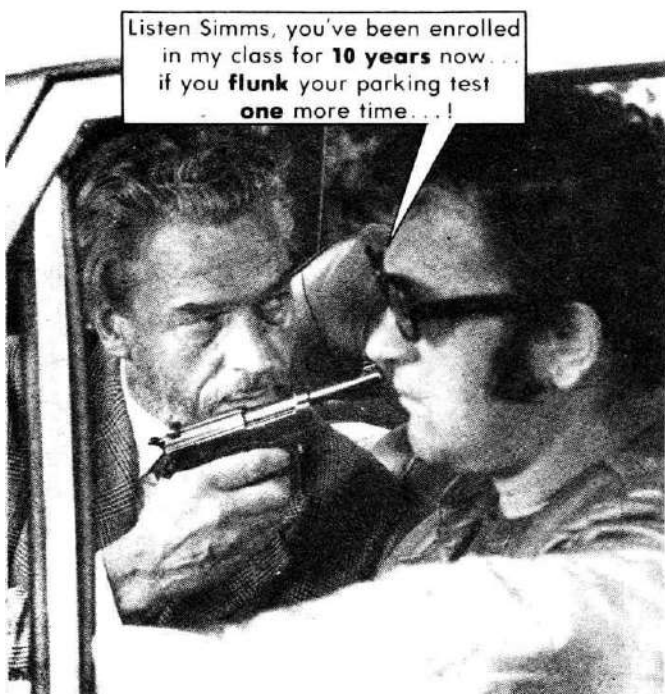


**This** should keep you from biting your nails.



Are you sure you wanna go through with this? I mean there **is** an extra bed in 9-B.







All right, I'll tell you!  
There's more **Yoo Hoo**  
in the **basement**!



Sure the water's **rusty**, honey.  
But just think of all the  
**minerals** and **iron** we'll  
be getting for **free**!



Lisa, I thought  
I told you  
**never** to **call**  
me at **work**!

Darn you Wilhelm!  
When are you gonna  
learn to **drive** a  
**stick shift**?!





For years now, women libbers have been mouthing off about how they want to be treated the same as men. Well, as just about any guy can tell you, being a man ain't all that hot. In fact, being male sometimes carries with it some pretty lousy responsibilities. But, if libbers are really serious about all this, then let them start doing the miserable things men have been stuck doing for years. In other words

# IF WOMEN REALLY WANT TO BE TREATED EQUALLY . . .

... Let them go for the car next time you come out of a movie and it's pouring rain!



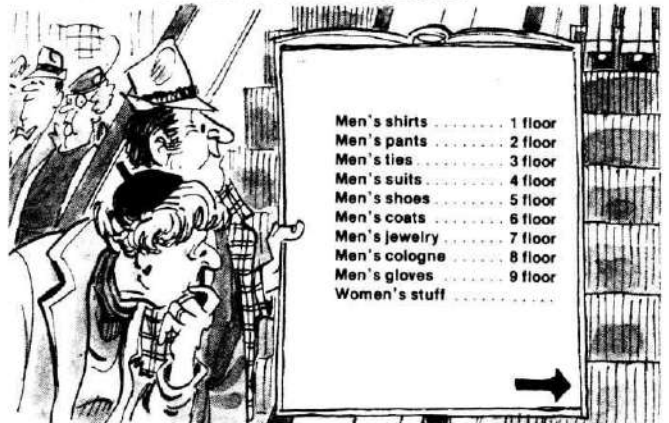
... Let them allow male reporters into their locker rooms while they're showering and getting dressed!



... Let them see how they like the "mandatory jacket and tie rule" in scorching 98 degree restaurants!



... Let them have only one tiny corner of an entire department store devoted to female fashions!



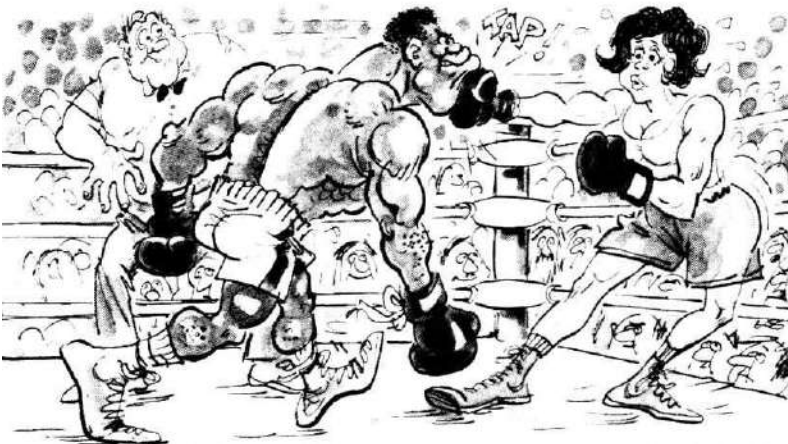
... Let them carry the heaviest packages next time you go shopping!



... Let them blow half-a-week's salary on a fancy dinner just to make the right impression on a date!



... Let them come up with a boxer that can go ten rounds with Larry Holmes!



... Let them walk through six of the roughest streets in the city to make sure a guy gets home safely to his door!



... Let them get out and fix the flat!



... Let them start offering their seats to men on crowded buses!



... Let them get up and check for prowlers next time you hear a strange noise in the middle of the night!



... Let them ignore the cry of "Women and children first!" next time they're on a sinking ship!



... Let them wait on line for popcorn and miss the first 10 minutes of every movie!



... Let them move the living room furniture while the men decide where it looks best!





Every so often, our minds here go off wandering. We think about world problems, internal affairs and what we're gonna order for the annual CRACKED picnic and onion hunt. But sometimes our minds get really laid back, and we begin imagining life at its best as we start having

I don't believe it! It's a **letter** from **Benny** saying that his college books for this semester were **\$11.82 less** than he figured, and he's sending us **back** the **change**!



Excuse me Mr. **Corkmonger**, but before I start **pumping** your gas, I have to **change** the **price**. It went **down** a **nickle** since last time you were here.



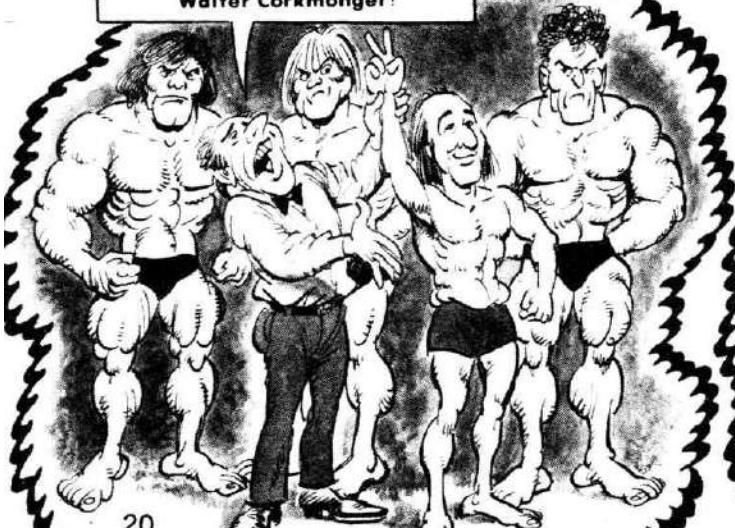
Walter, I'm not **good enough** for a man as wonderful as you. I want you to **divorce me** and **marry Bo Derek** like she mentioned she wanted to do in a recent T.V. interview.



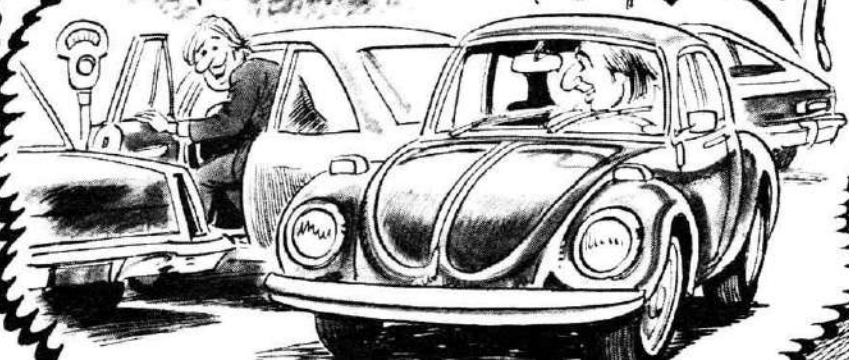
We've run out of the **\$1.69 Chicken Ala King Special** since you ordered it, but to make it up to you, we'd like to substitute the **2 lb. lobster and steak** for the **same price**.



The winner!! **Mr. America 1980** —  
**Walter Corkmonger!**



Need a **spot**? I'm going out and there's still **6 hours** left on the **meter**.



# Cracked Fantasies

We're all out of **10's**. Can I give you **2 hundreds** instead? We've got so many **extra** in the **safe**.



Sorry, Mr. Corkmonger, but it's **not** a **collapsed cesspool** that's giving you all that trouble—there's an **oil well** in your backyard.



Excuse me ma'am, but this **letter** to your **husband** took a **day** too long to get here, so we'd like to **refund** the **56¢** postage to you.



You're in luck, sir. Of the **60,000 suits** we stock, the one you've chosen happens to be the **sole suit on sale** today.



Marge! Look at this! The **supermarket** actually **has** the item listed on their **super duper coupon**!!



This is your **Captain** again, and as we make our **final approach**, we'd like to announce that we'll be landing **35 minutes ahead** of schedule.





All I have **left** for Saturday's **Rolling Stones** concert is **1st row center**. Is that O.K.?



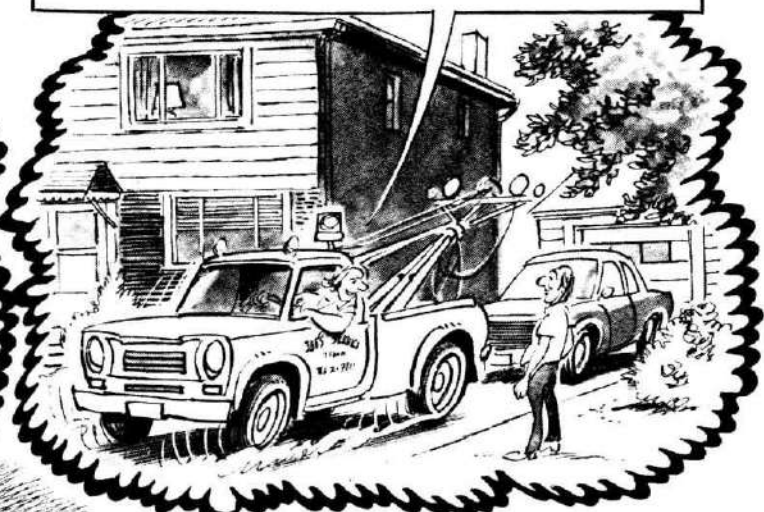
Bobby, we discovered the reason you got the "D" on this **exam** is not because you're a **brainless dork** like we told your dad, but because the teacher **misread** your **paper**. In fact, you're really a **genius** and should have received an **AAA++**



The **Presidential News Conference** scheduled for this time will be held off until later so that we may bring you **Celebrity Skeet Shooting** as originally scheduled.



We understand you've been having **trouble** with your car's **ashtray**?...Well, your **1977 Flupmobile** is obviously a **lemon**. We'd like to **take it back** and give you a **1981 model** instead.



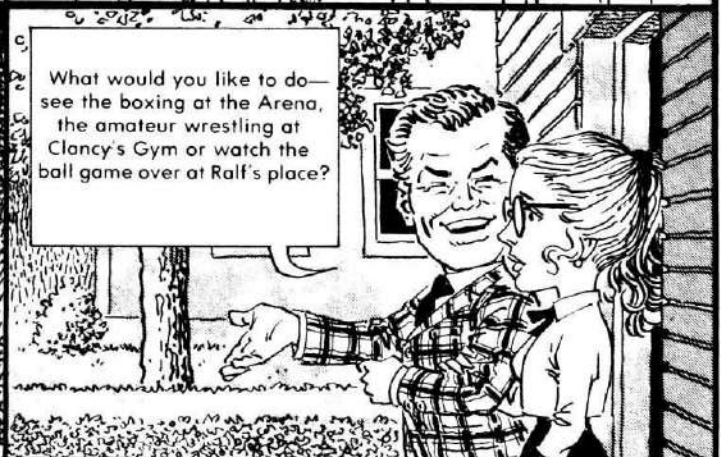
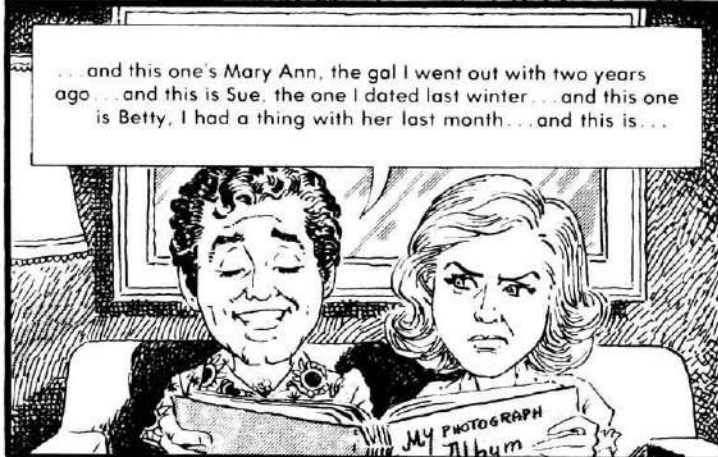
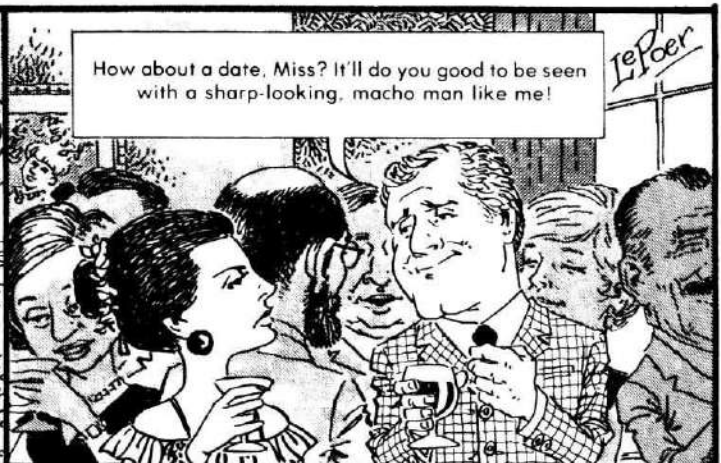
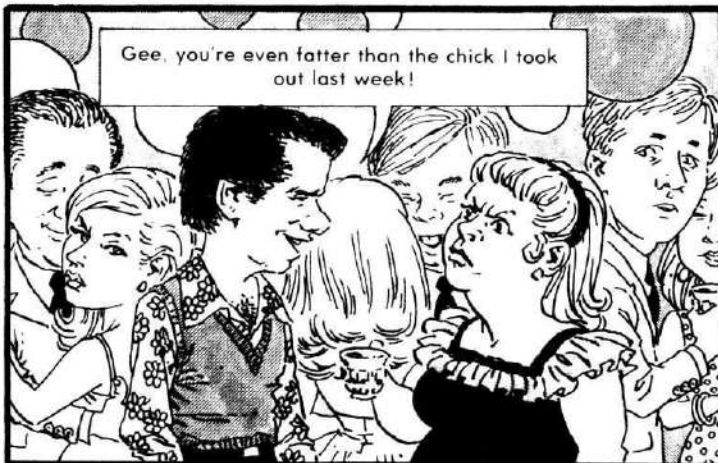
Walter, instead of holding our **annual convention** in Dayton, we're moving it to **Honolulu** and I want **you** to be the company's **sole representative**. In fact, get there **2 weeks early** so you're completely **rested**...and take the **company charge card**...and your **wife**...and **kids**!



And the holiday weather calls for **heavy rains** and **snow** everywhere in the world except **Veronica Lake**.



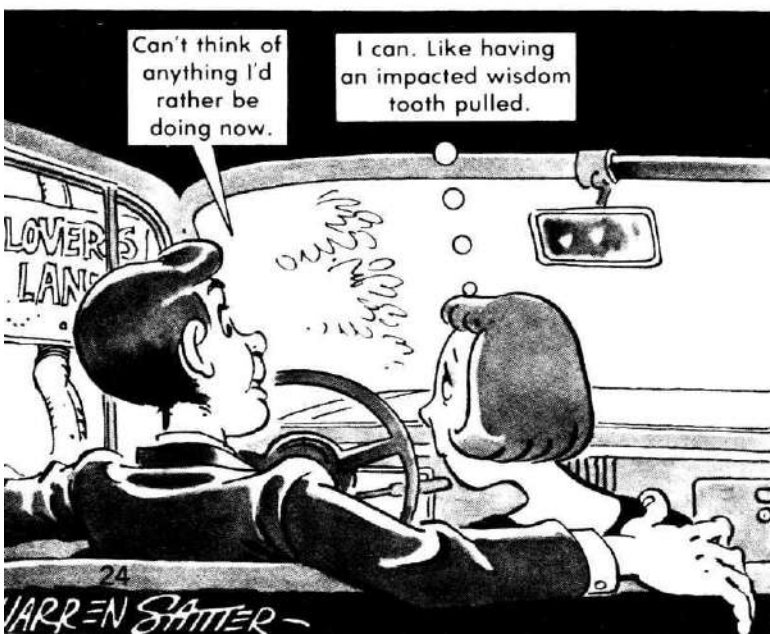
# YOU'RE NOT GOING TO GET ANYWHERE WITH HIM/HER IF...





Communication involves more than words. Body gestures, facial expressions and eye contact all play a part. And yet, we still have ways to conceal our moods, feelings and reactions. Imagine how open communication would be if others could read your thoughts and know exactly

# WHAT YOU'RE REALLY THINKING







# CRACKED VIS



# BITS THE OL' FISHING CREEK



Boy, is it crowded here!  
An hour ago I fainted  
and I had to stagger  
around the stream for  
20 minutes before  
I could find a  
place to fall!

Man, this  
water is  
really shallow!

Who ever  
heard of  
smart water?

Say, this  
is a great  
spot for  
rheumatism!

Sure, it's  
where I  
got mine!

Now I can  
tell my wife  
I caught 6  
fish today!

Do you  
have  
your  
own  
flies?

Just my luck,  
the fish aren't  
biting today...  
but the  
mosquitoes  
are!

WARNING  
I BRAKE  
FOR  
NIGHT  
CRAWLERS

What do I  
look like,  
a garbage  
truck?

You've been  
standing knee-deep  
in this water for  
hours now without  
catching anything!

Well,  
it's  
still  
worth  
wading  
for!

FISH  
FOR SALE  
\$20.00 LB

They say this  
stream is lousy  
with trout!

Yeah, it's the  
lousiest trout  
I ever did see!

I don't  
like all  
these  
flies!

BRRR! I thought  
you said the  
temperature here  
is usually in the 80's!

Right...  
40 in the  
daytime  
and 40 at  
night!

DANGER  
THIN  
ICE

Well, just  
pick out  
the ones  
you like  
and I'll  
kill all  
the rest!

Are the  
fish  
biting  
today?

Nope!  
Haven't  
been  
bitten  
by one  
so far!





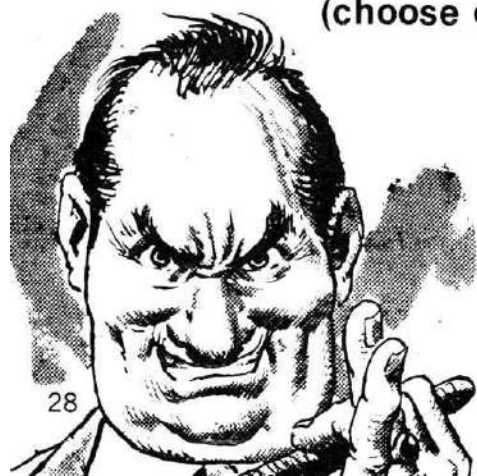
Politicians always seem to be defending themselves against charges made about them by their opponents. In fact, they put in so much effort making denials and excuses that they don't have time to do what they're supposed to do: represent the people effectively.

So, in order to help them find more time to do their jobs and still reply to accusations made by the opposition, we patriotically present

# CRACKED'S ALL-PURPOSE, TIME-SAVING "DENIAL OF CHARGES" SPEECH FOR POLITICIANS

(including alternate wording that can be used by the honest ones)

(choose one)



My

friends  
fellow citizens  
dear neighbors  
wonderful constituents  
skeptical listeners



I wish to speak to you

as a true patriot  
as a loyal American  
as someone who loves truth  
more in sorrow than in anger  
as a guy who's worried sick

about a matter

of grave concern to all honest men and women  
that is more important than mere politics  
that must be dealt with openly and candidly  
that has far-reaching significance for us all  
that's keeping me up nights

It recently came  
to my attention

when I read it in the papers  
when a supporter wrote me  
when I heard some rumors  
when I received an anonymous phone call  
when my campaign manager suddenly  
became hysterical

that I have been accused of

taking graft  
stealing government funds  
having affairs with other women  
bribing public officials  
helping my friends get juicy state  
contracts  
belonging to a spy ring  
secretly contributing to a group  
that plans to take over our country  
plotting to destroy labor unions or  
capitalism  
condemning motherhood, religion and  
apple pie  
all of the above, and a lot more, too



Under ordinary circumstances  
I would not bother to

reply to such base slander  
take time from my pressing duties to  
answer these lies  
dignify such a dirty smear by even  
acknowledging it  
engage in name-calling with these  
nasty character assassins  
blow my top just because someone  
found out my secret

However, I feel that you,  
the voting public

have a right to know the facts  
are as insulted by this lie as I am  
will judge the matter fairly when you  
know all the details  
are being manipulated by evil forces  
might kick me out of office unless I  
make up some excuse in a hurry

I must say, though,  
I am not surprised

that my desperate opponent has begun  
slinging mud  
that the crafty connivers of the other  
party have taken the low road  
that my enemies, sensing defeat, are  
trying everything to stop me  
that this despicable story has been  
publicized right before the election  
that those lousy snoops finally  
discovered the truth





I deny that . . . . . vile . . . . . accusation . . . . . categorically  
vicious . . . . . unequivocally  
unfounded . . . . . wholeheartedly  
disgusting . . . . . forthrightly  
embarrassing . . . . . with my fingers  
crossed

The story itself is . . . . . pure poppycock  
made of whole cloth  
part of a leftist plot  
a deliberate distortion of my record  
amazingly accurate



I do not believe  
for a moment that . . . . . the corrupt politicians who made up this  
story will get away with it  
my constituents would actually believe  
such nonsense  
an informed electorate will be unable  
to understand the issue clearly  
this falsehood will lose me a single vote  
you're going to buy my ridiculous excuse



because my entire  
political career proves . . . . . my intense devotion to American ideals  
my refusal to back down from a fight  
my persistence in the face of great odds  
my God-given integrity  
my greed, stupidity and phoniness



Therefore, my friends,  
this beautiful . . . . . neighborhood  
ward  
city  
county  
district  
state  
nation



has a . . . . . unique opportunity  
serious challenge  
unparalleled obligation  
glorious chance



to . . . . . strike a blow for liberty  
strengthen our American system of justice  
deal four-square with this problem  
face our common future confidently



by . . . . . refusing to believe the filthy libels of my enemies  
continuing to give me your trust  
contributing generously to my campaign  
booting crooks like me out of office on Election Day





Everyone knows you can't get away with running a red light or committing murder because there are laws and jail sentences to take care of these major wrongdoings. But what about the lesser things in life—those acts against another human being that are considered minor by the law, but are really major in your own day to day life. Things like having another person steal the parking spot you're about to take or having your mail delivered soaked. For these acts of injustice we think society should start enforcing

**12 months or 10,000 hours in a Detroit jail!**



...for still having the price sticker on your car three months after you purchased it.

**90 days on a farm giving sponge baths to cows!**



...for putting a carton of milk containing 2 drops back in the refrigerator.

**One year cleaning the cages at the ASPCA!**



30 ...for allowing your 200 lb. dog to slobber all over anyone who comes into the house.

**Six months in chains in a damp, musty basement!**



...for pressing all the buttons in an elevator as you're getting off.

**\$50 off your bank account's balance!**



...for clipping coupons out of newspaper before anyone else in the house has had a chance to read it.

**30 days at the Franklin Mint rolling counterfeit pennies!**



...for trying to break a \$100 bill at a 25 cent toll booth.

# THE CRACKED PENAL CODE\*

\*Punishments for crimes that aren't, but should be!

Compulsory viewing of a 36 hour Farrah Fawcett Film Festival!



...for loudly discussing the ending of a movie on your way out of the theatre.

Forced wearing of Liberace's old suits!



...for knowing only one song (badly) on the piano and insisting on playing it all night at a party.

One year making license plates in the State Penitentiary!



...for taking up two parking spaces at a shopping center on a rainy day.

Being thrown into a vat of hot, melted butter!



...for deciding you want popcorn in the middle of a movie.

Two years repainting the white line on the San Diego Freeway with a one-inch paint brush!



...for honking within two seconds after the traffic light turns green.

Life imprisonment in solitary confinement with no chance for appeal, parole or Presidential pardon!



...for publishing articles like this in a national magazine.



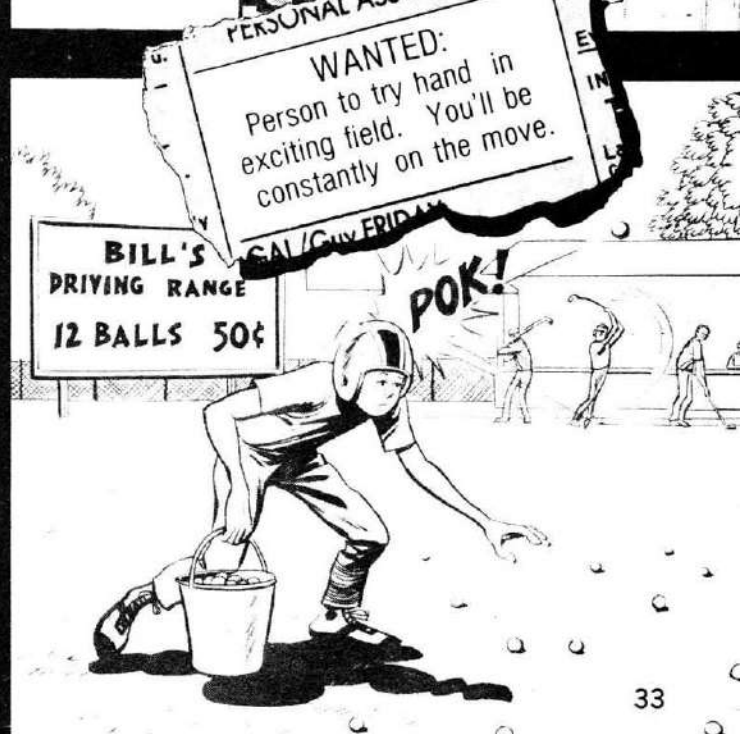
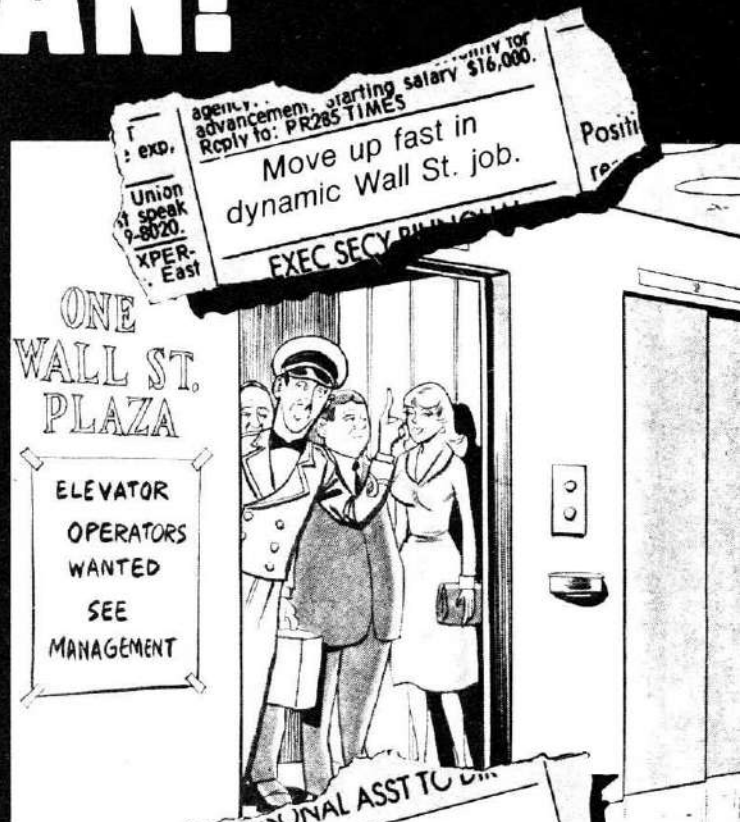
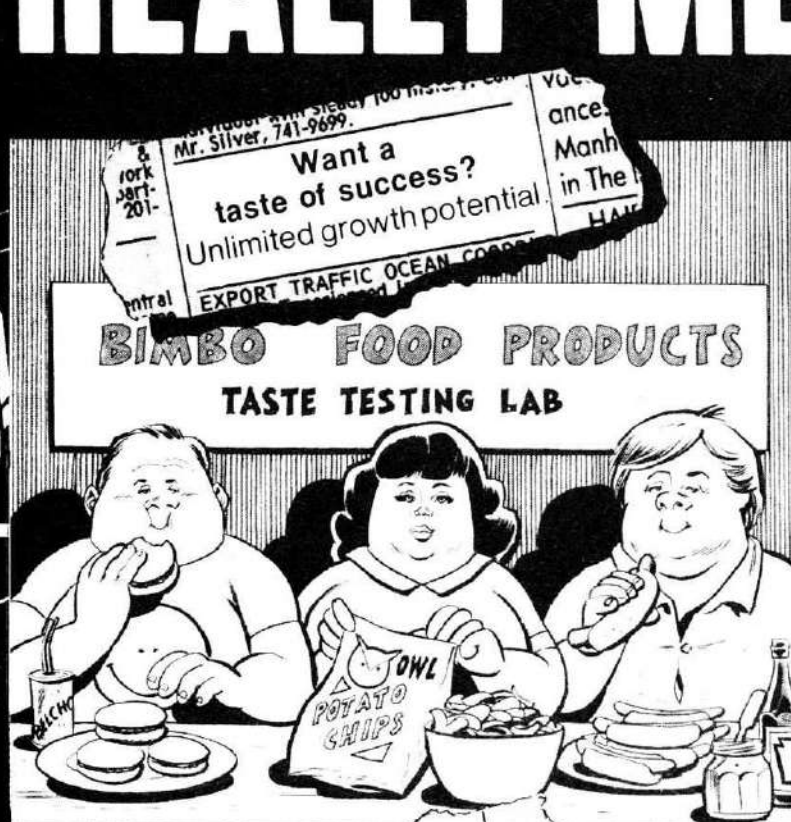
When you read the job classifieds, every position sounds great. Then why aren't all those positions filled? One reason is you don't know everything you should know. You

# WHAT "HELP" WANT WHAT THEY

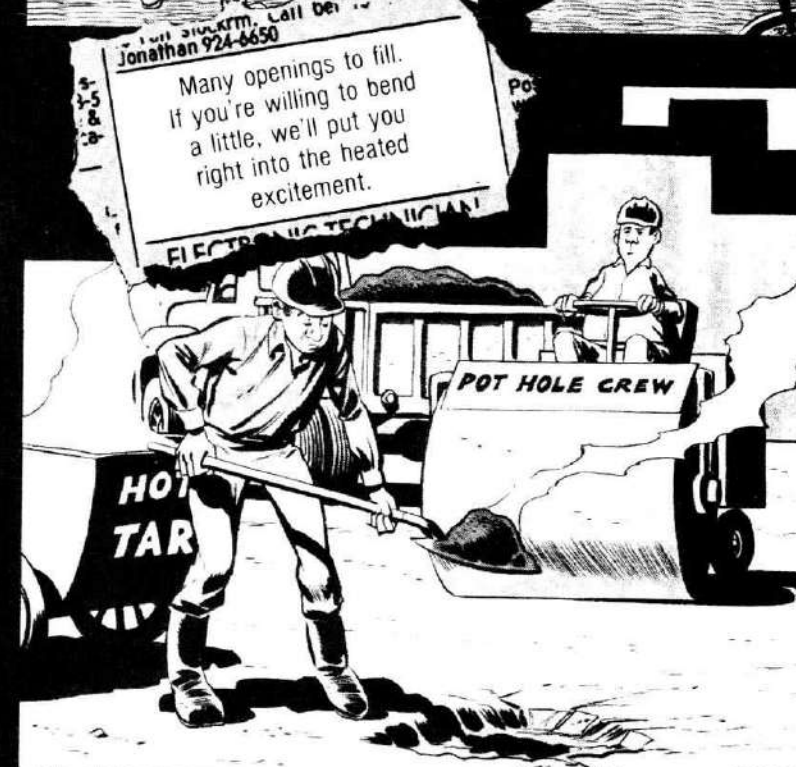


nds like it was made in heaven. But if that was the case,  
on is that these cleverly worded classifieds just don't tell  
ou'll see what we mean as you read

# WANTED" ADS SAY AND REALLY MEAN!







# LOSER

APRIL  
Fool Issue

**\$1.50**

(Even with this  
price we lose  
money)

## THE MAGAZINE FOR DEADBEATS

• In This Issue •

**I Carried My Bride  
Over The Threshold Of  
Our Honeymoon Suite  
... And Got A Hernia!**

**The Night I Called The  
Suicide Prevention Clinic  
—They Put Me On Hold!**

**101 Ways You Can  
Cheat At Solitaire  
— And Still Lose!**

**A Losing Couple's Lament:  
We Refinanced  
The Mortgage On Our  
Home Thru Bert Lance!**

**8-Page Picture Section  
Of Secretaries Chosen  
By Their Bosses' Wives**

**After A Year Of  
Unemployment,  
I Finally Landed A Job:  
Night Watchman At  
Three-Mile Island**

**... And many other  
losing articles.**

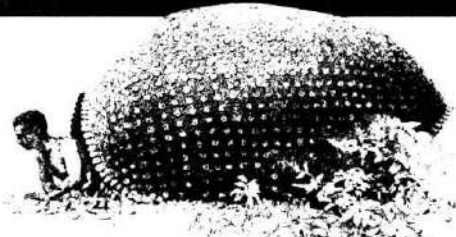


**EXCLUSIVE: 16 pages of blank paper.  
(The material got lost on the way to the printer!)**



# LOSER

## THE MAGAZINE FOR DEADBEATS



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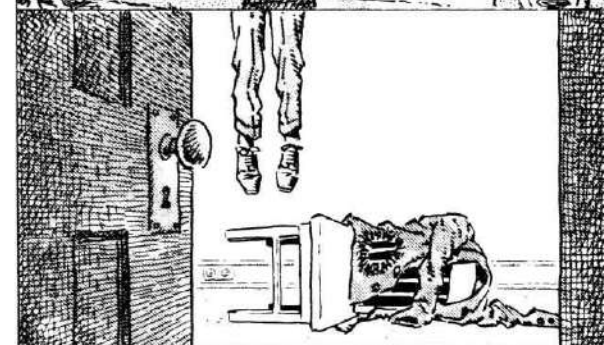
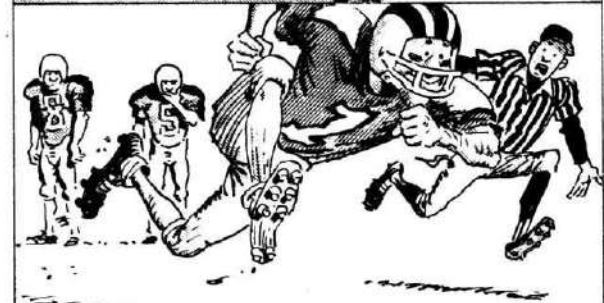
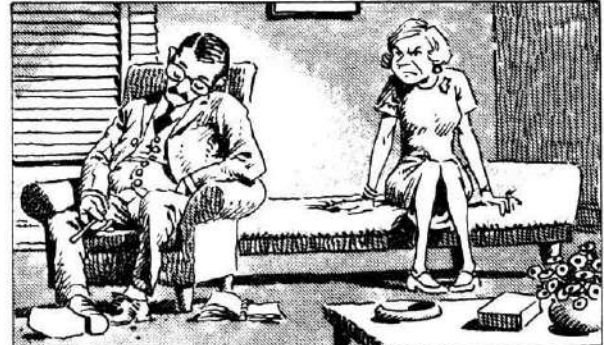
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OUR FIRST AND LAST ISSUE  
(We can't make a go of it!)



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**PRIZE-LOSING FEATURE ARTICLE**

# **I WAS THE WORLD'S BIGGEST LOSER —**

**I didn't even get paid for writing this article!**

**by T. S. Idiot**

(as told to his psychiatrist)

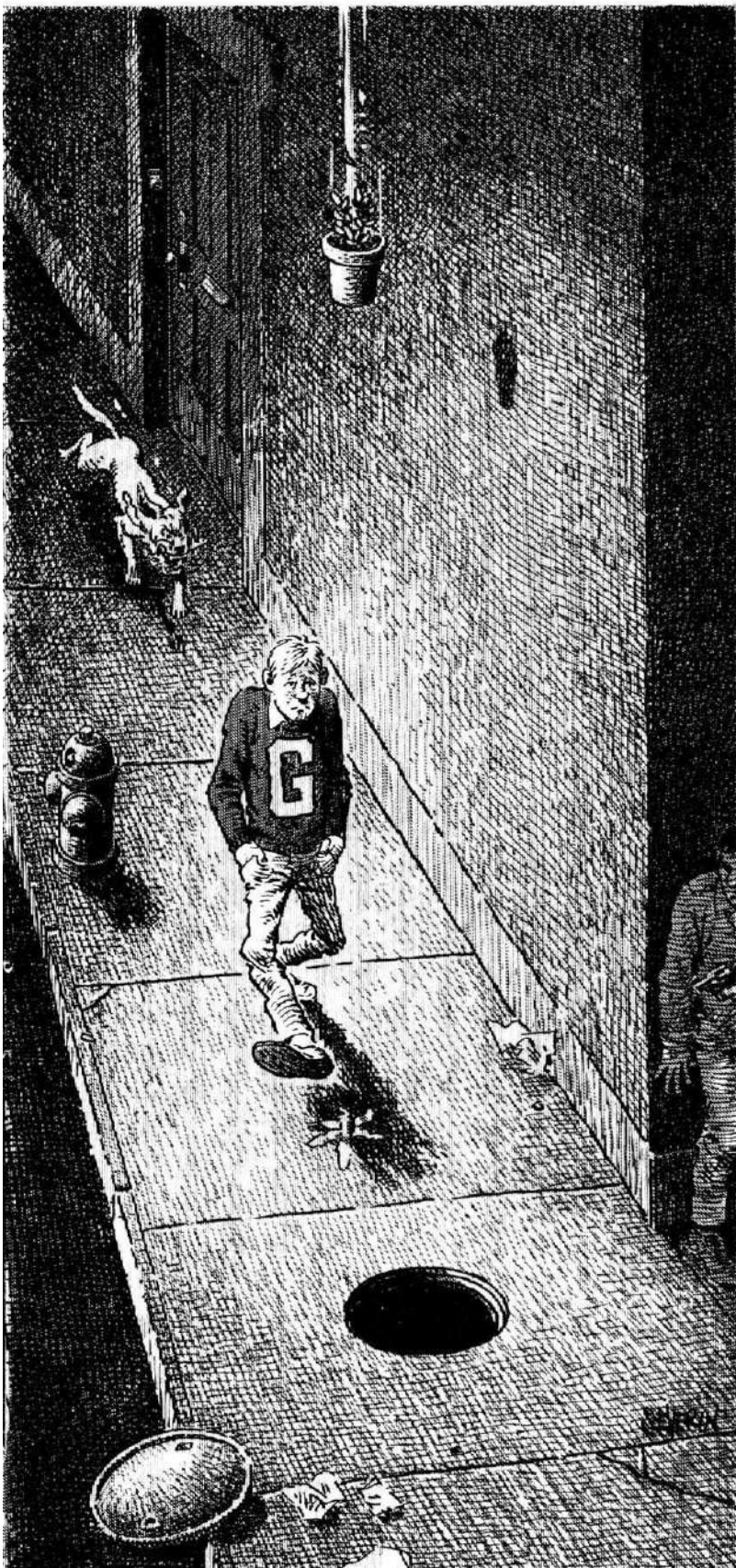
I was a loser at everything. I couldn't do a single thing right. Once I was hit by a car, knocked 30 feet away, and was arrested for leaving the scene of an accident! Another time I tried to help an old lady cross the street, and she hit me over the head — thinking I was a mugger! What can I tell you — I'd put my best foot forward and slip on a banana peel!

That's the way it used to go for me. I'd go into the woods with a girl, all set to make out — and get a sudden case of poison ivy! My father once let me have the family car for the evening — I had an accident — and he sued me! Would you believe it — I had a nose job and it grew back!

I grew real desperate. I tried suicide, but even that I goofed up. I tried cutting my throat with an electric razor. Then I ran in front of a parked car. I even tried jumping off the Empire State Building. But, dummy that I am, I jumped from the first floor.

Then it happened. In one shining moment I saw my whole life flash before me. I knew then that I wasn't going to be a loser any more. I was going to make something of my life and be a winner. And so I decided to abandon all my worldly goods and join a religious cult like the Moonies or Hari Krishnas. But you want to hear my luck? I was there two weeks when the head of the cult called my family to come get me back!

Today, I'm still the world's biggest loser. Are you ready for this? I just came home and found my parents have erased my name from my birth certificate!





# TINKERING THE ELOSER

**Question:**  
As a loser, what  
was your most  
embarrassing moment?



**Waldo Finstadder, Rustee, Kans.**  
"I got an award from the National Safety Council last month. Wouldn't you know — on the way up to the podium to accept it, I tripped and broke my leg!"



**Denzil Grovis, Aintno, Mo.**  
"I saw a sign on a men's room wall at the downtown bus terminal. It said 'If you want a good time, call a certain number.' I called that number, my wife answered!"



**Verna Smedley, Wishy, Wash.**  
"A fortune teller told me to avoid airplanes or I'd have a very bad accident. So on my next trip, I took the train. My luck — a plane fell on it!"



**Hobart Frammis, Praisebe, Ala.**  
"In the street one day I found a wallet containing \$300. I immediately turned it over to the police. What happened? They arrested me for being a pickpocket!"



**Seymour Hotchkiss, Ver, Minn.**  
"After a year or so, I finally got up enough nerve to go streaking. I climbed over a fence, took off all my clothes and started running. Would you believe it — I was in a nudist camp!"



**Pula Kinlai, Skeleton, Ky.**  
"To impress my dinner companion, I ordered the entire meal in fluent French. You'd say that was pretty classy, huh? Only I forgot I was in a Chinese restaurant!"

All names have been changed to make them funnier.

## Dear Loser



### ADVICE TO THE LOVE-LOST

I'm a total mess! I hurt all over. I've got aches and pains in every part of my body. I tell you, I'm a complete physical wreck! What should I do?

Frantic

*Dear Frantic,*  
*You should stop worrying — as long as you got your health!*

Nobody cares for me. I haven't a friend in the whole world. I'm so lonely, I could die. Do you think it would help if I got a German Shepherd?

Desperate

*Dear Desperate,*  
*No, those German Shepherds care only for sheep. Get a dog instead!*

Everything I do seems to go wrong. I bet on a horse, it comes in last. I go into the woods, I get stung by a bee. I finish washing my car, it starts to rain. So I decided to commit suicide on New Year's Eve — unless you can help me!

Wits' End

*Dear Wits' End,*  
*Again you goofed! Your letter got lost in the mail — it arrived January the 20th!*

I'm such a loser, I can't relate to anybody at all. That's why I've fallen in love with an Orangutan. What's more, I plan to marry him! What do you say to that?

Distraught

*Dear Distraught,*  
*Nothing. Just make sure it's real love — and not just a physical attraction you feel!*

I'm tired of being a loser. I want to do something big — like break the bank at Monte Carlo! How would I go about doing that?

Fed Up

*Dear Fed Up,*  
*First you get a very large hammer. . .*

# QUIZ

# ARE YOU A TRUE LOSER?

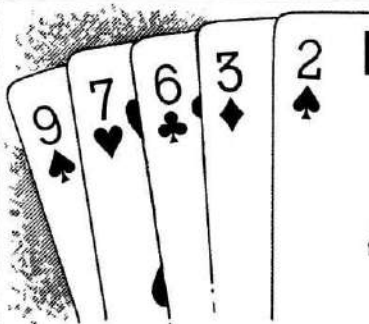
**Take this test and  
find out.**

1. In the restaurant, the waiter spills the soup on your jacket? Yes ( ) No ( )
2. When we get to the head of the bumper-to-bumper traffic, we find that it's your car that has stalled? Yes ( ) No ( )
3. In the police lineup, it is you that the lady mistakenly picks out as her attacker? Yes ( ) No ( )
4. When breaking up a street fight, you're the one who winds up with a broken jaw? Yes ( ) No ( )
5. In the Army on Christmas Eve, you're the one assigned to guard duty for the night? Yes ( ) No ( )
6. On New Year's Eve in Times Square, do the police pick you up for loitering? Yes ( ) No ( )
7. Are you the one who gets to the box office a minute after the prices change? Yes ( ) No ( )
8. When we get to the bottom of the football game pileup, it is your body we find lying there in a broken heap? Yes ( ) No ( )
9. After seeing a movie, do you wait at the side door waiting for the star to come out? Yes ( ) No ( )
10. Tell the truth — do you still buy things retail? Yes ( ) No ( )

## SCORING

If you answered 3 of these questions Yes, you're not such a loser after all. If you answered 8 of these questions Yes, you really are a bonafide loser. If you answered more than 10 questions Yes, not only are you a real loser — but you can't even add — as there are only 10 questions.

**FOR THE LOSER WHO HAS EVERYTHING . . .**

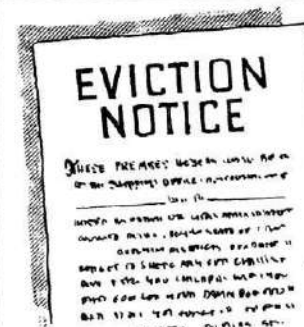
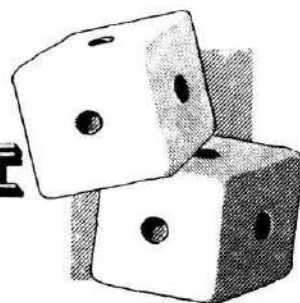


## LOSING POKER HAND

A ready-made setup  
for that weekly game  
with the boys!

## ALL SNAKE- EYES DICE

Throw them anytime —  
they always come  
up a loser!

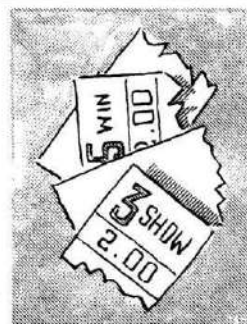


## Eviction Notice

Just fill in your name and address  
(former address, that is!)

## LOSING OFF-TRACK BETTING TICKETS

Already torn in half in disgust.



## REAL POISON IVY PLANT

Easy to rub on any  
part of the body.

## Each Item

(Please add \$896.00 per item for postage —  
we mail them from Mongolia)

**Losing Novelty Co.**

**Fiven, Tenn.**



## LOSER OF THE MONTH



Osgood Ferndip  
Veree, III.

For opening the front door of his new home and having the good-luck horseshoe fall down and hit him on the head!

(Note: This honor is posthumously awarded.)

## 5 EXCITING VACATIONS FOR LOSERS



- 3 weeks in sunny **UGANDA**
- A cruise along the **BERMUDA TRIANGLE**
- 21 Days in downtown **IRAN**
- A weekend at **THREE-MILE ISLAND**
- Overnight in the **EAST BRONX**

*At bargain prices you can't afford to pass up even if you're a winner!*

## LOSER TRAVEL BUREAU

Island No. 711

Thousand Islands

A Non-Profit Organization  
(It just turns out that way)

# CONTEST

## Find A Name For This Loser



(So we can tell him to get lost)  
(during the hurricane season)



**WINNER WILL RECEIVE AN  
ALL-EXPENSE-PAID TRIP  
TO KEY WEST**

Address all entries to Contest Editor, in care of this magazine, no later than midnight, December 31, 1980 — as that's when we have to return him to the asylum!

*Learn to be an even bigger loser!*  
*Enroll today in the*

## CLODD SCHOOL FOR LOSERS



OOLAH, LA.

Founded 1812  
(Lost again 1813)

We teach these exciting courses:

- How to lose gracefully at Russian Roulette.
- How to put on your shoes and socks in the morning — in that order
- How to get a cavity in your false teeth
- How to gain weight
- How to get a failing mark on all these courses

*Write today — before our lease expires*

## IN NEXT ISSUE



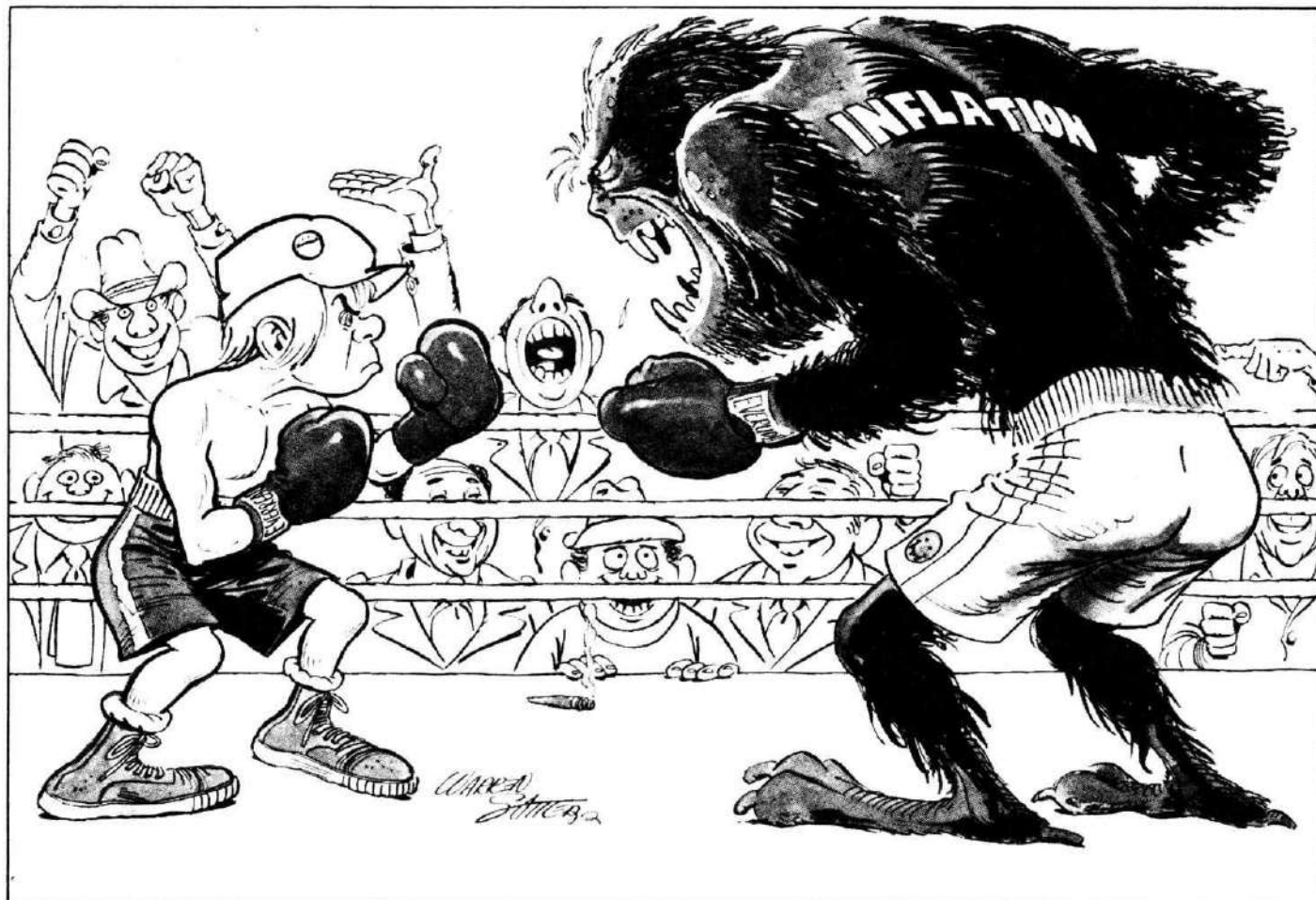
- I Won On The Dating Game — And Got Stood Up!
- How I Robbed A Bank In New York City — And Got Mugged On The Way To The Getaway Car!
- The Winetaster Who Got Fired For Drinking On The Job!

And other losing articles!

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# CRACKED SONGS

## BROKEN MOTOR OPERA (Sung to: "I Can't Get No Satisfaction")

I can't get no — warp drive action.  
I can't get no — chain reaction.  
Well, I tried  
Overdrive  
And I blew out Warp 5.  
Engines don't go,  
Engines don't go.

When I'm spinning through outer space  
And a man comes on the Video,  
He's telling me to try the choke,  
But I can't use the choke cause the motor's broke.  
I can't get no... vroom, vroom, vroom... Putter sput...  
No warp drive action,  
No chain reaction.

Then I turn on the viewing screen  
And I don't even see an asteroid,  
And my nuclear fuel is turning into gruel,  
And I'm drifting in the endless void.  
I can't get no... vroom, vroom, vroom... Putter, sput...  
I can't get no... boom, boom, boom... I'm kaput.  
No warp drive action.  
No chain reaction!



## LAMENT OF THE INSECURE ALIEN (Sung to: "If I Only Had a Brain")

I would be exhilarated  
If my head was not serrated,  
And my nose was in its place.  
Though I've powers a-plenty,  
I would not feel sad and empty  
If I only had a face.

I would not be just a Tribble,  
My mouth a hollow dribble.  
My head looks like a vase.  
I could see through my eyeballs  
'Stead of peering through my elbows  
If I only had a face.

Oh, I  
Can even fly  
In zero gravity.  
I can breathe on both the land and in the sea,  
But I can't kiss  
No lips.

Oh, I'd like to have a nose job,  
And some eyebrows and some ears on,  
And some wrinkles I could trace.  
I'd be the happiest of creatures  
If I only had some features,  
If I only had a face!

# FROM OUTER SPACE

## THE CELESTIAL BUSINESSMAN'S BLUES (Sung to: "On Broadway")

They say my hotel's bound to fail, on Pluto.  
They say I should have built a jail, on Pluto.  
But I don't care how they complain,  
At least this planet has no rain,  
And I just know I'll make a gain, on Pluto.

They say that I am too far out, on Pluto.  
They're all afraid they'll catch the gout, on Pluto.  
But they don't know, I've got a plan:  
I'll build a Pluto Disneyland,  
And rent some condominiums, on Pluto.

They say there's too much ice and snow, on Pluto.  
They say the tourist trade won't go, on Pluto.  
But you can see that they're all wrong,  
Cause you can ski here all year long,  
And now they're coming here in throngs... to Pluto!



## THE GALAXY CONSERVATION BALLAD (Sung to: "Yesterday")

Space debris.  
What a mess I see in front of me.  
There's a sputnik dumped in '63,  
Oh, I can't stand this space debris.

Rocket shells,  
And these burnt-out satellites as well,  
Guess where all the old explorers fell?  
Oh, I'm awash in space debris.

Now the stratosphere is just a metal clump,  
And the Milky Way looks like a garbage dump.

What a bog.  
All the stars are dim with stellar smog.  
It's enough to make your engines clog.  
Oh, I can't stand this space debris!



## UNIVERSAL M. D. BLUES

(Sung to: "Oh What a Beautiful Morning")

Oh, some doctors just practice on people  
And some doctors just practice on dogs  
But a doctor in space  
Has a terrible pace  
And I get more confused with each case that I face.

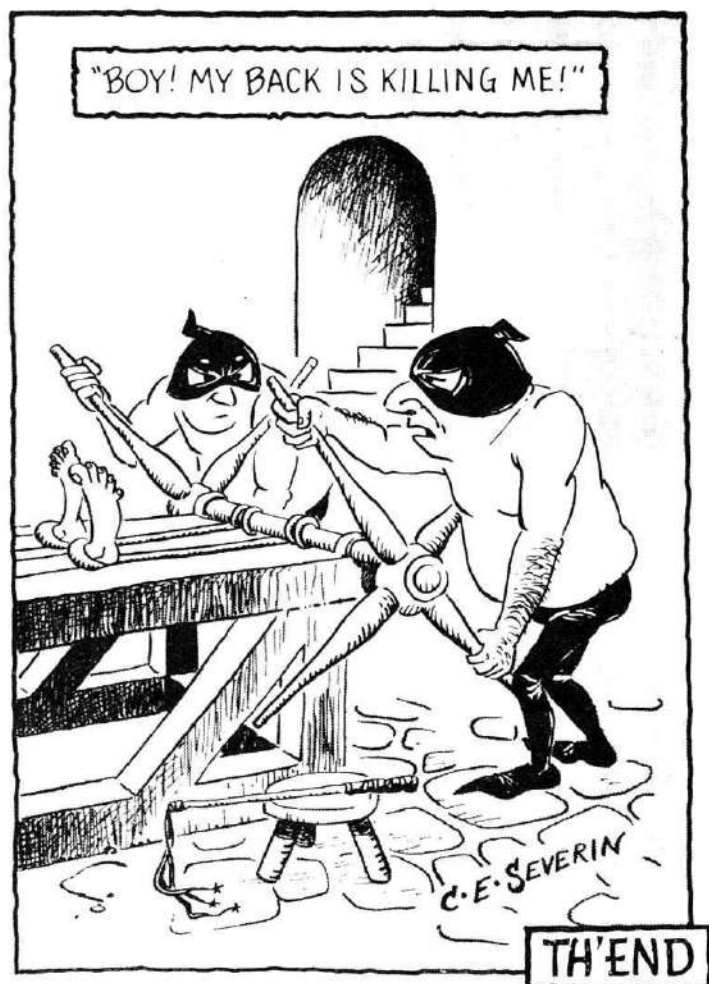
Oh, what a sickly Venusian,  
Oh, what a strange purple spleen.  
How can I give a transfusion?  
When he has blood that is green!

Oh, I've learned to transplant an antenna  
And I've learned how to keep his tongue blue.  
And I've learned how to treat  
All those corns on webbed feet,  
But then what can I do when his feet have the flu?

Oh, what a sickly Venusian,  
Oh, what an odd wavy nose.  
How can I mend this contusion?  
If I don't know where it goes?



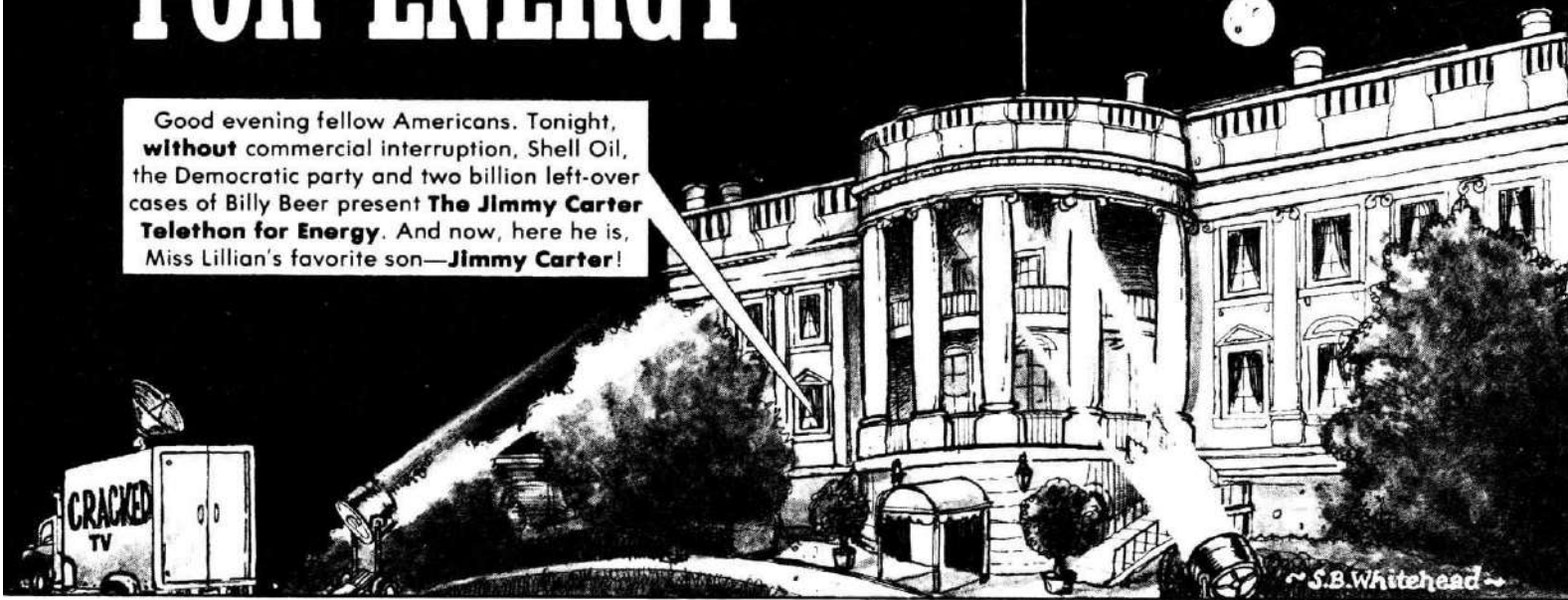




When America has a problem what does it usually do?—No, it doesn't always write to Ann Landers.—It appeals to her citizens and asks for their support. Then, the people of this great land do all they can to help solve the crisis. Well, friends, we're in the midst of another one of those crises right now. And to help solve this biggie, we thought it might be wise if besides asking for everyone's help, we also presented

# JIMMY CARTER'S TELETHON FOR ENERGY

Good evening fellow Americans. Tonight, **without** commercial interruption, Shell Oil, the Democratic party and two billion left-over cases of Billy Beer present **The Jimmy Carter Telethon for Energy**. And now, here he is, Miss Lillian's favorite son—**Jimmy Carter!**



Good evening. Golly, it's good to be on **national television** for a change without a whole lot of **reporters** asking a whole lot of **embarrassing questions** about my latest sure-fire plan for solving **Inflation**. No, this evening we're addressing ourselves to a whole different **foul-up...ah, problem!**



As you know, America is in the midst of a severe **energy crisis**, and tonight I'm taking time out from my **busy** schedule of not **campaigning** to hold this telethon which is trying to raise **one billion** gallons of needed energy to help turn this **problem** into just a minor **dilemma**.



This time, we're not asking you to dig **down deep** and send us **money**—although if you have some spare change you wanna throw to **Amy** here for lunch...No, this evening we're asking you to **phone in** and **pledge** some of those **natural resources** that you might have lying around the house—that extra **volt** of **electricity**—a small **barrel** of oil—that **unneeded** gallon of **gas**.





Well, we've been on the air for over **five minutes** now, so let's check our **giant tote board**—drum roll please.



Ah, wait! This is a **seeded roll**. But the total to date is a whopping **three gallons of energy**.



Ah, Jimmy...

Well, **hello Dolly!** A big hand please for Miss **Dolly Parton**.

Jimmy, a man just **telegrammed** that he's going door-to-door right now trying to persuade people to switch from wasteful **electrically-powered appliances** to some **battery-operated** ones he's invented.

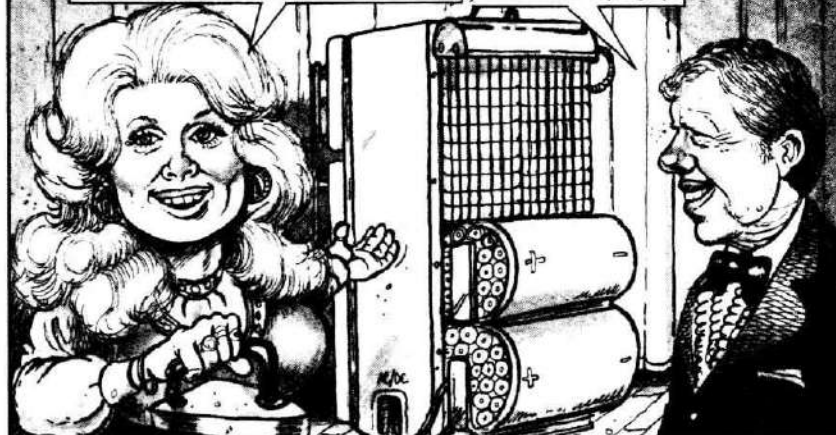


See this **Iron?** It uses no electricity. Neither does this **refrigerator**.

Why that means people could be saving **2 gallons** of oil a day for every **refrigerator** that was **converted**. Instead of spending **18¢ a day** on **electricity**, all a person would need to run this appliance is...

**1100 D-sized Duracell batteries.**

Oh. Nice try, guy.



And you know how, on all them **other** telethons, they show you **victims** who, despite their problems, are making do and **attempting to walk**? Well, this one is no different.



Because tonight, right on our stage, we've got **ten**—count 'em—**ten business executives and congressmen** all out of their **limousines** and **walking to work**—a **true miracle**!

Look ma! I'm walking!



And now let's check our **10,000 volt** electric toteboard for the latest total...Hey, we're **up to three gallons** of energy. Thank you America.

000003



Ah, Jimmy. There's a **phone call** for you.

It's not that **Kennedy** fellow asking for another **debate**?

No, **Amy** has him on **hold** on another line.



Yes?

Mr. President?...I heard about your **telethon**, and I'd like to donate a **watt**.

What? That's right.

What's right?

**Watt** is right, sir. In fact, you can have **all the watts**.

All what?



And while Jimmy is finishing up with that latest **pledge**, I think it's time to give you some **phone numbers**. To reach us in the **east**, just dial **1**. In the **south** and **west**, dial **2**, and if you're an **Arab** leader with a **conscience**, you can dial **toll free** on Jimmy's **private** red phone. Just call area code **326-732-6214** and ask for the **President**.



I'm back and here with me now is that great singer himself. Mr. **Kenny Rodgers**. We enjoyed having you perform at the **House** the other night, Kenny.

My pleasure. Although, it did get a little **sickening** doing "**Georgia On My Mind**" 6 times in a row.

It's just a **favorite** of **Rosalynn's** and mine.

And speaking of favorites and favors, I'd like to **donate a gallon of gas** for the **Presidential plane**.



Thank you Jimmy. Since 1978, we've been trying to find ways of getting people to **drive less**. Did you know that some actually go as much as **1/10 of a mile** out of their way just to save a **measly 8 or 10c** on a gallon of gas? Well, thanks to the **petroleum companies of America**, we think we've eliminated that **needless driving**.

Why thank you.

By the way, is it true that everytime you **fly** from **Washington** to **Plains** you burn enough fuel to heat **28,000** homes?

**Rumors, Kenny. Rumors!** And besides, I've been taking a **Greyhound Bus** last 2 times out. They now have a special **Presidential discount fare**.



And now a word from a man who's been **suffering** along with the rest of us during this recent crisis. The **president** of the **Hexed-On Oil Company**—Mr. **Ben Goodforus**.





How's that? Last month we banded together and agreed on a **fixed price** so that now we **oil companies** can get you for the same **ridiculous amount** no matter **where** you try and go. Now **that's** progress, Jimmy.

That's America!

Mr. President?

Yes, average **Brooklyn** resident. Are you willing to make a **sacrifice** to help this country become **less dependent** on **foreign oil**?

**Iran**... I mean **I am**. Instead of going to bed at 1 a.m., every night I've pledged to hit the sack at 8:00 so I can get up **olly** the next day.

We thank you, kind, but obviously **demented** person.

IT'S O.K. I THINK IT'S ONE OF HIS COUSINS!

WHO'S THAT?

Good news, Jimmy.

It's **Dolly Parton** ladies and gentlemen.

You **already** did that.

Anyway, **thirty** residents of **Marin County** in **California** have agreed to help you out tonight by trading in their **Cadillac Sevilles**—which only get **11 miles** to a gallon—for **Buick Riviervas** which get a whopping **12**!

Well, thank you one and all for your **sacrifices**.

I DON'T KNOW WHAT ALL THE **FUSS** IS ABOUT **HER** **FIGURE**!

And folks, later on tonight my **economic** advisor will be **live** giving you the latest **inflationary price** increases on all the things you use in your daily lives. Then all of you out there can **turn off** your **heat** and save **precious oil** as you get **steamed-up** over what he says **naturally**.

Ah, Jimmy.

Ladies and gentlemen, **Dolly Parton**!!

Enough Jimmy. Don't blow the **few friends** the polls show you still have. Anyway, as I was saying: Mr. **Ernie "Ironjaw" McStassen** has come by to do his part tonight.

What the...

Mr. President, since your appeal started, I been goin' **round town collecting** old engines so that you can **drain the oil** from each and **recycle** it.

Why that's **wonderful!**...Dirty, but wonderful. Where'd this one come from so that we might acknowledge its owner too.

Oh, this one came from some **limo** parked out front. I ain't quite **sure** of the **owner's name** because no one was there when I **lifted** it from...I mean when it was **donated** from the car.

I KNOW...  
TOO MANY  
ENGINES  
AND NOT  
ENOUGH  
CHIEFS!

CRACKED is thinking the fastest animal always wins because he's a Cheetaah!

Jimmy, I know we're on the air, but our limousine's engine's been...

I know. Wanna send in the **secret service** and **FBI** so they can **thank** Mr. Ironjaw here and **accept** his donation.

You mean this is...Well, wouldn't you like to contribute a little **something** to the cause, I mean...

Excuse me, but **which one** of you is **Jimmy**?...I've come because we in **Miami Beach** are conserving energy by using old **Sol** to heat our **hot water**.

You're using **Solar Energy**? Very wise.

What Solar?  
...Sol!...

...**Sol Mendelson!!** He's got a **fire-place** and **heats up** water for all the other **tenants** in the **building** instead of us having to use our **hot water** heaters.

Well, after **8 hours** on the air, I think it's time to check our **tote board** again—**drum roll** please!!

**Dolly**, I can't understand why we still haven't **topped** five gallons.

Because it seems the people out there really **are** saving energy, Jimmy.

Great!  
But  
how?

At 8:00, instead of **wasting** useless electricity watching you, everyone in America **turned off** their **T.V. sets**.

Thank you America!

CANTER'S ENTERTAINMENT



# SHUT-UPS



## HOW TO USE YOUR CRACKED IRON-ON

It can be used on T-Shirts, sweatshirts, jackets, bedspreads, pillowcases, the back flap of your long johns or just about anywhere.

All seriousness aside, it'll work on almost any fabric, although Polyester and Polyester Blends do work the best. **AVOID** use on heavily napped fabrics.

### DIRECTIONS

1. Roll the dice and move the amount of spaces . . . whoops . . . sorry, wrong directions.

1. Remove Iron-On page carefully from magazine.

2. Using a dry iron at WOOL temperature setting, test a scrap of the fabric you wish to use to make sure it can take this degree of heat. **IF YOU'RE ONE OF OUR YOUNGER READERS, HAVE AN ADULT HELP!**



**OUR GIFT TO YOU!**

3. Position Iron-On face down on the fabric. Pin Iron-On to fabric to avoid movement.

A. Cover Iron-On with sheet of light-weight paper.

4. Press iron down, and firmly but gently move iron back and forth while counting slowly to 60. Be sure to press iron evenly over the entire page. Remove page from fabric.

This Iron-On can be used more than once. Simply follow the same directions but hold the iron down on the fabric a little longer.



**OF T-SHIRT  
SEE BACK**



**OF T-SHIRT  
SEE FRONT**



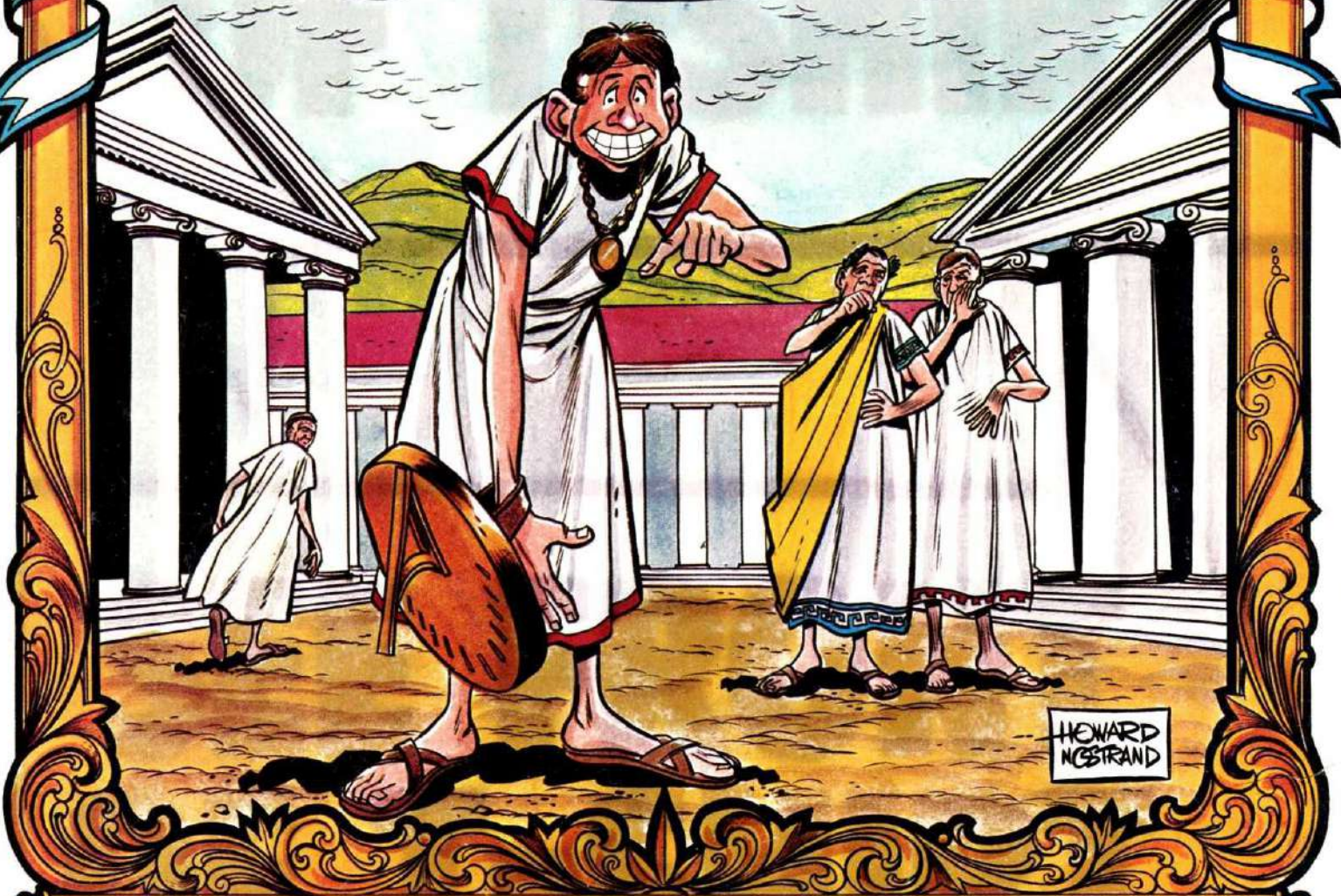
# GREAT MOMENTS

IN TECHNOLOGY

ROME

ITALY

MAY 13, 186 B.C.



MARCUS BULOVAS  
INVENTS THE  
WRISTWATCH.